

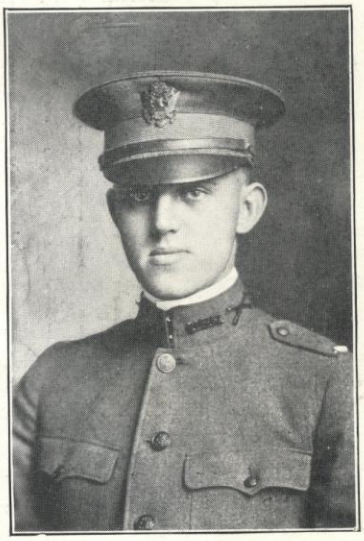
MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

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THE STUDENTS of
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June, 1919

This issue of the Bulletin is Dedicated to our boys who made their supreme sacrifice on the battle fields of Europe



Lt. Oliver Winston Bailey

47th Inf., 4th Div., Co. H., A. E. F. Killed in action in France, Aug. 10, 1918

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It's An Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good

MERRILL MOORE, '20.

This story won the first prize in a recent contest. The author deserves to be complimented on his good work.—THE EDITOR.

FAR out to sea a small speck was bobbing up and down and coming slowly towards the pier. Fifteen minutes ago there had been no sign of any disturbance, but now the sky was overcast with gray clouds and an occasional whitecap would appear and roll towards the beach. The ocean itself had reflected the face of the elements by turning from sparkling blue to dull green. There was a slight commotion all along the beach as bathers hurried out of the water in the face of the coming squall and as boats were being pulled hastily out of the water to a safe place on the shore and were being securely tied. Among the fishermen there was an ominous shaking of heads and they were all of the opinion that "it 'ud be a big 'un."

The speck was getting larger as it approached the pier and was taking the shape of a motor boat. It was coming fast now, and as it came near its name, *Hughes II*, could be plainly seen.



THE BULLETIN STAFF

Reading, right to left—Richard Kuhn, athletic editor; Claude E. Jackson, business manager; Russell J. Baird, local editor; Wm. B. Landis, editor-in-chief; Merrill Moore, assistant business manager; Armstrong Matthews, exchange editor; B. B. Nichol, alumni editor.

It was a magnificent boat, over twenty feet long, having a seventy horsepower engine, and besides that, was elaborately furnished in white enamel, brass and mahogany. Its gleaming brass and shining white hood contrasted sharply with the dullness of the weather.

In the boat were four girls and some fishing tackle. As the boat slid up beside the landing platform one of them jumped out and fastened it to the pier. The rest pitched their poles out to their sister, who had gone before them and jumped out also. With much jollity they started running down the pier towards the beach, when one of them, remembering the motor, turned, ran back and threw a tarpaulin over the steering wheel and dials in the pit.

"Hurry up, Sis," they called to her; "you'll be late for supper and you know how angry that makes dad. It's getting dark now and mother will be worried sick. Anyhow, we had a fine catch." Thus they continued to talk as they walked along.

Reaching the house, which was on the beach facing the sea, the girls hurried in and were told by the servants that their mother and father had gone to the village to meet a friend at the station, but that they would be back soon. In a few minutes the parents returned with the guest, and in the bustle that followed the boat was forgotten.

The squall had begun in earnest now, and before long it had developed into a regular storm. It blew with the force of a giant and the sea became a mass of foam and spray. The storm raged for about six hours, and during that time nothing could be heard above the booming of the waves and the howling of the winds.

Finally it stopped.

. . . . . .

Morning came, and what a difference from the night before!

The beach was washed smooth and was cleaned of all the paper and trash the bathers had left. The tracks made by the grown-ups and the castles built by the children had all

been leveled down. The water was as calm and sparkling as a quiet fountain. The sky was cloudless. The damage done by the storm was very small. A few piers had lost several piles, but terrific as it had been, it was nothing to compare with the violence of some former ones.

Soon, though, the word was spread over the village that the handsome motor boat of Mr. Hughes had been washed away during the storm. At noon a sign was posted at the door of the postoffice that a reward of $100.00 would be paid to the person who found the boat. It was learned that the Hughes girls, who were very careless, had not tied it securely the night before, and so it was supposed by all that the boat had slipped the cable and had probably been blown down the coast, maybe to a distanec of twenty miles.

Already several searching parties had started out in automobiles, going up and down the beach with hope of finding the missing vessel stranded somewhere.

Among the ones hunting was a boy about sixteen years old named Tom Wade. He was thought to be extremely trifling by the village folk because he spent his spare time making kites and mechanical toys instead of weaving baskets to sell to the tourists or some other such work. In most boys this would not have been noticed, but Tom's mother had been made a widow by a shipwreck several years before, and the people in the village thought that he should devote all his time to helping his mother make a living. As a matter of fact, he was not nearly as bad as he was painted to be by the idle gossipers in the little town. He went to school, but after school hours he fished and did odd jobs around town, which did help a great deal. It was only when there was no work to be had and when the fish were not biting that he amused himself and horrified the villagers. His mother, however, always took his side and paid no attention to the gossipers.

While Tom was walking the beach he saw at the edge a small cushion on which was painted the name of the lost boat, *Hughes II*. He picked it up and began thinking about as follows:

"This cushion couldn't have been knocked out of the boat, it would have come to the top if the boat had been sunk, though; so the boat must be sunk. As long as the boat was tied it would keep its bow facing the coming waves, but when the painter broke the waves would have turned it all around. If it had ever gotten its side towards the waves it would have been swamped in no time. It wouldn't have taken long to be turned that way, and if it did it must have been swamped almost immediately, since the waves were so high and strong. If it is sunk, as this pillow proves, it must be around here." After reaching that conclusion, which really took only a few seconds, Tom was struck by a bright idea.

"I believe that would work," he said, and turning around he hastened to his house.

A few minutes later he came out of the door carrying in one hand a large, skillfully made kite, and in the other a small camera, one he had found on the beach after a picnic.

He took the camera, and after having put a rubber band around the exposure lever, he pulled it back and pinned the other end of the rubber down with a thumb tack. When he turned the lever loose it flew back with a click.

"Fine," he said to himself. "Now all I need is something to hold it in the position for taking the picture and something to turn it loose at the right time. The rubber will take the picture for me all right." Saying this, Tom took a little piece of string and tied the lever back.

"This," he said, "will hold it back, and this," he continued, taking a little piece of punk and tying it to the middle of the string with some thread, "will turn the string loose when it burns it in two."

Taking a piece of white paper, he tied it to the other end of the punk. "And this," he added, to his mother who had just come out and was watching him, "is to let me know when the picture is taken, because the punk will burn the thread and this paper will be let loose at the same time. I think that Mr. Hughes' boat is sunk around here somewhere in the bay. I read in a book that men in a balloon can see to the bottom

when the water is clear and not over fifty feet deep. The bay is very clear this morning, and as no part of it is over twenty or thirty feet deep, I'm going to send up this camera on my kite and take several pictures all around Mr. Hughes' pier and see if I can't find the boat."

After testing the camera several times and after finding that it worked satisfactorily, Tom set out for the beach. There he sent the kite up about fifty feet in the air and tied it to a post. Taking the camera he attached it with four pieces of twine to the kite cord, so that it hung with its eye towards the ground. He then lit the punk and after untying the kite string from the post he began to let out the cord. The camera rose slowly and when it had reached a safe height he played out the cord rapidly.

Suddenly the kite began to bob and jerk, the camera began to swing dangerously, but Tom, with a cool head, steadied it. When it had reached the height of about two hundred feet Tom stopped letting it out and waited.

In a few minutes a slip of white paper fluttered from the kite and began falling. Tom knew by this that the picture was taken, so he pulled the kite in. He walked on down the beach, changed the exposure and "set" his kite again. This he continued to do until his supply of films gave out. Then he walked home.

During this time no trace of the boat was found, so Mr. Hughes decided that the boat was sunk and gave orders to have the bay dragged the next day.

That night when he was about ready to go to bed a servant came to him and said that a boy who was downstairs wanted to see him. Mr. Hughes went down and, seeing him standing the hall, said:

"Did you wish to see me, young man?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, "I've found your boat!"

"Found my boat! Where did you find it?"

"In the bay," said Tom, "sunk. Half-way between your pier and the buoy that marks the channel," continued the boy.

"Oh, I see," said the disappointed man, who imagined the boat was already tied nicely to a pier.

"You were probably fishing and felt a log or something and have come here to tell me you have found my boat. No, young man," he continued, "you'll have to have more evidence than just some fisherman's tale."

"Sir," said Tom, "I am not telling you 'some fisherman's tale.' I photographed it."

"Photographed it!" said the astonished Mr. Hughes. "What do you mean, boy? Sit down here and explain what you are talking about."

Tom sat down and told him everything; how he had sent the camera up on the kite and had taken the pictures and how he had developed them himself at home that day, and how on examining them, had seen under the clear waters of the bay the white form of the launch.

To prove his statements Tom took from his pockets the pictures and laid them out on the table in front of the wealthy old man. They were very strange looking; the water could hardly be seen and the little ridges in the sand looked very plain. Here was the beach, there the piers running out into the sea. Every little hill or reef under the water was almost as plain as if it had been on dry land. The old man was very much surprised to see such wonders. There, just as Tom had said, about halfway between Mr. Hughes' pier and the buoy, lay the white shape of the launch.

"By gad, boy," he said, "where did you learn all this? What's your name?"

"Tom Wade, sir," said the boy, and taking a book out of his pocket he showed the astonished man the paragraph which told about the invisibility of clear water from a certain height.

"Well, I'll declare, Tom," he said, "I'd no idea that there was a genius in this little town. Let me think this over tonight and in the morning come over here early and we'll see if the boat is there." So, bidding Tom goodnight, he went upstairs.

. . . . . .

Early next morning he and Tom, with several others, went

out in a skiff to the place where the boat was supposed to lie, and after sounding around for a while they touched the sunken vessel.

"That's it, sir," announced the man in charge of the sounding. Mr. Hughes was delighted.

"Well," he said, "I'll give you and your men the job of raising it." When they had marked the place with a float, they went back to the beach. Mr. Hughes took Tom up to the house and led him into the library.

"Well, Tom," he said, "I am afraid that, although you did find the boat, I can't pay you the reward offered. I'm awfully sorry, Tom," he went on, "but I really don't think it's worth a hundred dollars; do you, Tom?" Not waiting for the disappointed boy to answer, he continued, "But I do think I owe you something for finding my boat, so I'm going to—" here he paused, while poor Tom fidgeted, "send you off to school and see that you get a good education." Tom was so overcome with gratitude that he could hardly speak.

"Yes," continued the old man, "since I have no boy of my own, I am going to educate you.

"You need not worry about your mother," he added, reading Tom's mind. "My wife and I will see that she does not want."

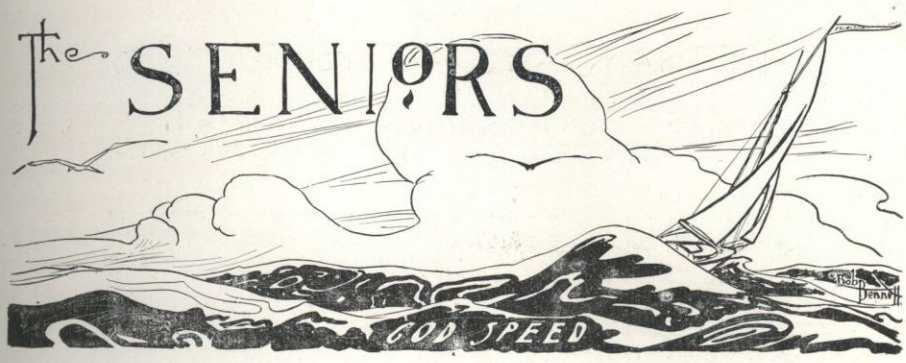
Tears stood in the boy's eyes and he tried to express his thanks.

"Don't thank me, son; for you deserve it," said Mr. Hughes. "Run home and tell your mother."

. . . . . .

Thus did the greatest aerial scout in the great war get his start in life. He has an official record of having destroyed nine submarines in the North Sea, and there are two service stars for him in his home town, one in his mother's window and one on Mr. Hughes' door.

The SENIORS



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"Greater Love Hath No Man Than This"

W. B. L., '20.

SOME people were standing on the dock at Benton Harbor, Michigan. A large lake steamer was riding at anchor beside the pier. A huge door had been opened and the laborers ran back and forth like so many ants, carrying a box or some other burden into the hold and then returning for another load. A thin wisp of smoke was slowly emerging from the ship's two immense funnels.

The sun, a red ball of fire, seemed to rest on the lake, the reflection in the dark green waters and the red and purple and blue streaks in the sky made a very picturesque sunset. To the northeast the sky was overcast by a large gray cloud that kept increasing every minute. Darkness fell so quickly that it reminded one of those lines by Coleridge, "The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out, at one stride comes the dark." A dull rumbling sound like the reports of a distant artillery, punctuated now and then by a flash of lightning was continuously heard. The waves began to roll higher out in the lake, but in the little bay the disturbance of the water was not so noticeable. The water looked black and menacing, whereas before it had looked green and inviting.

The passengers began to board the vessel. Among them was a young man of about eighteen years. He was slender but sinewy, his dark eyes and hair stood out in contrast with his fair complexion. He was dressed well and bore himself proudly, but without sign of snobbishness. His name was Jim Davis and he lived in Colorado Springs. He was returning home after a visit to his brother in Benton Harbor.

The smoke began to increase in volume as it poured out of the funnels, the laborers stopped their constant running back and forth and the big door was closed. The windlass

drew up the anchor, the vessel's turbines, which had been running idle, began to speed up, the screw began to churn the water slowly and the vessel backed out into the bay. Its bow was turned toward the narrow pass between the lake and the bay and the boat moved off into the night, its lights twinkling and its black hulk dimly seen in the darkness. No sooner had the ship passed into the open lake than the waves grabbed it up as if it were a toy and playfully tossed it from one to the other. The vessel was running parallel with the waves and it rolled buoyantly from side to side. It battled with the rough and boisterous water, its propeller leaving a trail of white foam on the dark waters.

Jim Davis was standing on the deck, his coat buttoned around his neck and his cap pulled down. The rain beat against his face and a thrill of exultation ran through him. The deck would go down very swiftly, he would feel a queer sensation in the pit of his stomach, the water would loom up like a black mountain before him and the next instant the water would seem to be falling and he would feel himself borne upward.

He peered ahead—he could see the light in a lighthouse in the distance. The boat seemed to be moving toward the light. He paid no attention to this and his thoughts were turned to something else. The next thing he took notice of was a bustle and stir among the crew. The boat was headed straight for the rocks. The mate ran by on his way to the pilot house; he flung open the door and rushed in. The pilot sat in his seat, the wheel grasped tightly in his hands, but death had already covered his face with a queer pallor and his features were set.

Orders were given hurriedly and quick action was taken, but to no avail. The entire vessel trembled as a rasping sound was heard, then slowly and heavily it settled down, the water pouring into the hold.

Lifeboats were quickly lowered, the women and children were taken off first. At last Jim got into a boat and it began to descend. It had no sooner touched the water than a great

wave dashed it against the side of the vessel, crushing it as if it were an eggshell. Jim found himself struggling in the water; he was a strong swimmer and easily kept afloat.

After awhile his endurance began to wear down under the constant battering of the waves. He saw the wrecked ship turn over on its side and its hull stuck out above the surface of the shallow water like some large whale. A piece of wreckage floated by and Jim grabbed it with a prayer of thanks.

He was tossed about on the waves a long while. At last one of them grabbed him up angrily and tossed him high up on a rock. Here he lay until morning.

The day dawned clear and bright. The lake resumed its green and inviting appearance. Jim saw a brown form feebly struggling in the water. He swam to it, and when he climbed back on the rock he bore an Airedale puppy in his arms. The dog was nearly dead and he shivered pitifully in the chill of early morning. The sun soon heated the rock, however, and Jim and his newly made friend were as warm and comfortable as could be expected.

At length they were picked up by a fishing boat and the next day found Jim on board a Burlington Route train bound for his home. The dog had already found a place in Jim's heart.

The train sped on across Illinois and Iowa, and when morning came again it was dashing across the level plains of Nebraska. Jim sat on the observation platform looking steadily at the flat expanse that stretched for miles on every side. The clicking of the wheels sounded continuously in his ears, the dust and oil smoke poured down upon the platform, but Jim only sat and thought. He was thinking of the Airedale in the baggage car, wondering if he had food and water, and if he was receiving kind treatment. Jim had no brothers or sisters, and a dog had been his playmate during his childhood. That dog, an Airedale, by the way, had grown to love Jim and Jim loved "Scotty," as he called him. They understood one another as only a faithful dog and a kind master can. When Jim was fourteen the dog had been killed by a passenger train. Scotty's

death had been a terrible blow to Jim and he had always had a place in his heart for Scotty. Somehow or other the Airedale he now owned seemed to occupy a place in Jim's heart along with Scotty.

At length the Rockies loomed up majestically in the distance. The mountains had been his lifelong confidants and he loved them.

Six o'clock found Jim and his dog, whom he had already named "Friday," at home.

Such was the beginning of an attachment that was to be even stronger than that between Jim and Scotty. Jim went on hunting trips into the mountains, he went to Denver now and then, and took fishing trips and enjoyed similar outdoor diversions, and wherever he went Friday was sure to follow. Only the reader who has owned a faithful dog can understand the feeling between Jim and Friday.

Friday emerged from harum-scarum puppyhood into serious "doghood." He developed into a strong and well-built dog, with a deep chest and strong legs and a proud carriage. He could whip any dog in Colorado Springs or Manitou. Some stranger would attempt to dethrone Friday now and then, but Friday always kept his title of "king of the dogs."

Then America entered the war. Jim decided to enlist, and the day before he left he and Friday went up on top of Pike's Peak for one last look at the mountains. To the west the Rockies lay, a tumbled and rugged mass of rocks and red soil, to the east lay the prairies, to the north the foothills, and to the south the great desert. The setting sun cast a purple hue over the mountains as Jim stood looking into the distance.

Twilight came and Jim and Friday hastened down the mountain in Jim's automobile.

The next day Friday was surprised to see Jim come down stairs with a suitcase. He was more surprised to see Jim's mother cry over him so and his father act so strangely. He wondered what the matter was when the family got into the car and rode to the station and he was bewildered when Jim patted his head and said in a choking voice, "Goodbye, old

fellow." Everyone seemed to be cheering and so happy. Why should they cheer, didn't they see that the Davises were so sad?

The train pulled in. Jim ran to catch it. Friday tried to follow him, but Mr. Davis held him back. Friday saw Jim get on the train with several other young men and then his master was lost to view inside the car.

The cars began to move and in a few minutes the train was a black spot in the distance.

Friday expected Jim to return every day; every time he heard a train whistle he would prick up his ears, utter a joyful bark and run towards the station, but no Jim would meet him, and Friday would go back home with heavy heart and depressed spirit.

Jim went away in April, 1917. Friday longed for him and daily expected his return until August, 1918. During that month Friday heard a train whistle and he ran toward the station in a fast decreasing hope of meeting his master.

A soldier got off the train and Friday turned around and sadly started home. Suddenly he lifted his nose into the air and sniffed. Was it true? Yes. He knew Jim's scent if any dog knew it. He looked around and saw his beloved master coming toward him. Words cannot express the joy of that meeting; lookers- on were deeply touched by it. Jim and Friday hastened home, Jim walking fast and Friday dancing around his feet. When they got there the dog stood off while Jim was greeted by his parents. He heard something about "low-down Germans" and "gas" and "hospitals" and "transports," and other equally bewildering things.

Jim and Friday had a big time during the weeks following Jim's return; they visited every familiar spot in the surrounding mountains and every trout stream within a radius of six or seven miles.

Jim had been gassed and he was unable to walk long distances without resting; if he did, his face would take on a bluish hue and his breath would come in gasps and sometimes he would faint. He couldn't yell very loud and he always talked in a rather low tone.

One day in October Jim left home to go hunting. He was going to do some difficult climbing and he had no desire to be bothered by having to carry a dog over the large rocks and crevices that Friday would be unable to get over. He tied the dog and left.

Three hours later found Jim walking along the edge of a mountain. He had walked a long way and he felt an attack coming on him. He sat down on a rock, his head swam and his breathing was short and had a gasping sound. He began to grow faint, he lay back against the mountain, he heard a loud grating sound close by and looking around he saw a rattlesnake not six feet from his head. Jim threw himself away from the snake. The sudden sight of such a hideous monster and the fatigue from his long walk got the best of Jim and he lay in a half stupor. Almost without any of his senses he saw the snake, its dull eyes glaring wickedly, coil itself for a strike. He faintly heard the buzzing of the rattlers; he tried to cry out, but his voice failed him. He looked at the snake as if he were hypnotized; he gave himself up for lost. Just then he heard the soft patter of an animal's feet and a brown form leaped across him and threw itself upon the snake. Then he fainted.

He came to a few minutes later and he saw the snake stretched dead in the pathway, its flat head severed. Friday was licking a small scratch on his shoulder and seemed to be in a very weak condition. The dog, seeing Jim sit up, crawled to his master and Jim saw that the strike the rattler had intended for him had been received by his dog. The poisonous venom was doing its work of death with great rapidity. The faithful dog sank down in his master's lap and looked at Jim with an air of resignation. Jim took the dog's head between his hands and looked into his eyes. Each understood the other —this was their last moment together. A tear stole down Jim's face; yes, this war veteran, who had been over the the top twelve times, was crying over his dog. Friday was crying, too, after the manner of crying among dogs. The dog's eyes were full of love as they looked into those of his master,

but death was rapidly casting a veil over them; the poor animal was suffering terribly and the grim reaper was losing no time in relieving the animal of his suffering. Jim pressed Friday to him, the dog uttered a faint sigh and his eyelids flickered and closed forever. Jim looked at the lifeless form that had been so full of energy such a short time before, and it was then that he saw the significance of the words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend."

A Story with a Hidden Moral

R. J. B., '20.

PRELUDE.

This story deals with the "atrocious crime of being a young man," and the hard-heartedness of teachers of our present time. It is to improve this situation that I write this story.

STORY.

A YOUNG man of moderate character and possessed with the energy of a mule, had finished the public schools and was preparing to enter one of the higher schools. In looking around, Enuff Goodman found a school that suited him perfectly, in that it had the reputation of harboring boys of gentle sentiments and mild action. At home Enuff had gotten along all right, *i. e.*, he had managed to go through Sunday on his Saturday night nickel, but at school he did not do so well, and he often came home telling of his mistreatment. But in spite of this he was able to keep up his studies to some degree.

For five years he went to this school and had gotten to like it fairly well, but there was one teacher, Prof. V. Batt, who drove Cicero into Enuff's non-receptive head with a method that would have amazed Cicero himself, and who was always thinking of some punishment to inflict on his pupils which would be more cruel than the one preceding. You can imagine,

then, how the situation was in regard to Enuff, who had for five years borne all punishments with the fortitude of a Spartan and the haggard look of a convict upon his manly brow. Now, the professor had seen Enuff look at his wrist watch, which was against all rules, the day before, and the professor determined to turn Enuff's very soul to deadened ashes and his heart to beating backward. After he had thought on this subject for probably half a day, a smile crept across his autocratic features and he arose with the satisfaction of a man who had done a mighty service to his country, and saying to himself, "Ah, this punishment shall beat them all. I will get him now!" And he laughed the laugh he was wont to laugh when bent on that akin to murder. Accordingly, on the next day he called Enuff to him and spoke to him with a teacher's characteristic style, and along this line: "Enuff, I well know the virtues that are in you and the faults which hamper your progress, and I have, from experience, found that you greatly lack that essential thing to education—the ability to write stories. It is to remedy this that I have called you before me today." Here the fiendish grin overswept his face as he said, "So I want you to write and bring to me a story tomorr—"

Here his speech was interrupted by a heart-breaking cry, and the professor looked up in time to see Enuff throw up his hands and sink to the floor. His face was white, his eyes lost their lustre, and he seemed miserable beyond description. This scene affected the iron-hearted professor in a strange way; he reversed his whole practice of cruelty and there came a change over him as he looked upon this wrecked piece of humanity. From that time the professor became a good and gentle man, and since then he has never mentined story-writing, and Enuff is now doing well and boasts that he will graduate in the course of a few more years.



1919 FOOTBALL TEAM

Top Row (Left to Right)—Jones, Srygley, Riggle, Hubbs, Currey, Stumb, Kuhn, Curtis, Taylor (coach).
Bottom Row (Left to Right)—Templeton, Baird, Remy, Hart, King, Reeves; small boy in center, John Ball, mascot.

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Bottom Row (Left to Right)—Templeton, Baird, Remy, Hart, King, Reeves; small boy in center, John Ball, mascot.

Petrova's Sacrifice

W. E. Lowe, '20.

PETROVA was a beautiful Russian maiden who lived in Petrograd at the beginning of the world war. She was one of those rare Russian blossoms that are so famous for their native charm as well as their superb beauty and figure. She was the only child of a peasant workman who labored in a great spinning factory close to their home, and when she was old enough she also accepted a position there. Petrova's father was very poor and his family lived in a wretched condition. It is true Petrova tried to brighten up and wear respectable garments at her work, so that she was really very pleasing to look at, but back at home the true conditions were only too visible.

They lived in a very uninviting hut furnished with rude furniture which the father himself had made.

They received a mere pittance for a salary at the end of their long day's labor. Although the wages were extremely meager, the family by living economically could have lived very well. But each night after supper the father went to the nearest gin shop and spent a goodly part of his earnings for vodka, the national drink. As a result, when meal time came the bill of fare was generally butter and rye bread.

One cold day the news came to the factory that the manager had died of old age. There was secret rejoicing among the workmen because the old man had used every system possible to keep his laborers under control and make absolute slaves of them. They would have left long before, but they did not know where they could find better conditions, so there was nowhere else to go. By the terms of the will the factory

was given to his oldest son, named Djansky. This young nobleman was just twenty-four years of age. He had been educated in England and had traveled extensively in America, where he had become imbued with ideas of democracy. He introduced a sweeping reform in the factory system; wages were raised, the hours were shortened and in many other ways the employees were benefited. He spent much of his time at the factory, so of course he saw Petrova very often and at once he became interested in her. This interest ripened into friendship, and from friendship to love. Almost every evening they might be seen strolling around through the park or going to the theater. Some of the other young nobles who had been his best friends frowned upon this, and protested that it was a dishonor to the proud name of his family to notice a peasant's daughter. But he had been so thoroughly Americanized that he cared nothing for caste.

Before long, however, fearful news spread through Russia. The red cloud of war was upon the horizon. Russia and Germany were both massing great armies on the frontier. A great wave of patriotism spread over Russia. All the people were anxious to defend their country.

Djansky was one of the first to join the colors. He left the factory in charge of an old friend and arranged his other affairs as he wanted them. He went to see Petrova the evening before he was to leave. It was the first time they had exactly realized how much they cared for each other. It was a beautiful afternoon as they went strolling, hand in hand, through the parks. The old, old story of youth and love was repeated and not a few tears were shed by the beautiful, passionate maiden. The next morning, after bidding adieu to every one, he marched proudly away at the head of his troops. In a few days he was with that irresistible army that was rolling the Germans back into their own country, much to their surprise, and, indeed, were threatening all of East Prussia and Konigsberg. The Germans withdrew men from their western front and sent them to the eastern line of battle. This gave the Allies in the west a breathing space and time to concen-

trate for the next drive. This undoubtedly saved the Allies, for the Germans would have crushed France had the Russians not diverted attention to themselves. The Germans, now strongly reinforced, attacked the Russians and then occurred some of the most bitter fighting of the war.

While most has been said and written of the war in the west, it nowhere approached that in the east for dashing brilliancy and military glamour. It was a grim contest of endurance and determination. Sometimes a great battle lasted for weeks and resulted in gaining or losing only a few feet of trench. In the east great battles were won and lost in a single day.

Some of the charges made by the Russian Cossacks against the Germans have never been surpassed. But in spite of their bravery Djansky's men were compelled to withdraw. Severe hand-to-hand fights took place, and in all these Djansky figured prominently. But their discipline was bad, their ammunition and equipment worse, so they were gradually forced back until they came to an old trench that had been dug previously. Here Djansky ordered his men to hold their own. The Germans advanced and poured into the trench by hundreds. A general hand and bayonet fight occurred. After vanquishing three or four of his enemies, Djansky happened to glance over his shoulder and perceived a large German bearing down upon him with his gun poised as a club. By releasing his gun he was barely able to elude the blow of the German. Fortunately the gun was thrown from his hands by its force and the two men found themselves engaged in deadly combat with their hands only.

Djansky was a powerful man, six feet in height, and tipped the scales at two hundred pounds. He was long-limbed and his muscles were as tough and strong as oak withes. In fact, he was hardly to be equaled in Russia for physical prowess. But his antagonist was a very giant of a man. A native of Prussia, he was at least six feet and six inches tall, and must have weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. For several minutes the outcome was in doubt, but finally the Prussian backed

Djansky over a dead body, tripping him and throwing him full length upon the earth. A gleam of triumph shot into the Prussian's eye as his fingers closed upon the throat of his enemy. It was a struggle between Teuton and Slav. By a quick snake-like movement Djansky turned the Prussian under him, and catching his head in his hands, gave it a powerful wrench. The Prussian's neck was broken and he died instantly. As Djansky was getting up a wounded German shot him in the leg, shattering the bone. Being unfit for further service he was sent home. He resumed his visits to the factory and to see Petrova. He conferred many benefits upon her father and the other men. But they no longer seemed like the same men. They were rude and disobedient. Strange men came and talked with them frequently. At last one night he went to see Petrova, Petrova, who had prayed for him each night while he was away. They were talking of a new movement that had just started called Bolshevism. He noticed Petrova's father was absent, but he supposed he had gone to the gin house. Finally he took his leave and started home. He had not gone far when he was seized by a score of rude men, a rope was tied around his neck and he was led back down the street. Petrova, hearing the noise, peered out the window and comprehended the situation at a glance, but she was farther horrified to see her father as the leader of the Bolsheviks. She rushed out and began to plead in behalf of her lover, but her father, with a blow on the head, hurled her upon the ground. Five minutes later she saw the lifeless body of Djansky hanging from a rafter of a house nearby. With an effort she staggered to a table, picked up a long keen knife and plunged it into her heart. Thus Bolshevism had its very beginning with a double tragedy.

Yellow and Red

BERNARD UNDERWOOD, '20.

HAROLD CORSON was the little son of William Corson, the "Shipbuilder." His father died when he was one year old and Harold was brought up in sewing circles and pink teas by his mother, whose ambition was for Harold to be a social lion.

At the age of seven Harold was sent to a private school, where only the children of the rich could attend. Harold was the prettiest child on the hill where he lived, so his mother thought. His mother had his nurse curl his hair every night and morning, for she wanted her pet to be the prettiest boy in the school. The other boys called Harold "The Sissy," because of his curly hair.

He was petted and pampered by his mother until the servants began to hope that he would not want the moon, because he got whatever he wanted. Mrs. Corson told her "Pet," as she called him, that he must not fight with the other boys, as it was not nice and young gentleman did not fight. So when the other boys teased Harold he only ran away. He was too proud to fight.

At the age of eighteen Harold was sent to dancing school, where he learned to dance. He was called the best dancer in his set, and was a full-fledged "ladies' man." He met Betty Roberts at dancing school, who he said was the girl of his dreams. Harold, however, had a rival in his love affair. Buck Howell was a rival that would not give up a girl he loved without a struggle.

When Harold reached the age of twenty-one his mother bought out a big department store and made Harold manager.

He had a good business, for all the girls wanted to buy their wares from such a pretty boy.

But when the trouble with Mexico broke out all of the boys in Harold's set were joining the National Guard. He wanted to join, but he did not have the nerve. Betty had urged him to join, for she was a true-blue American girl, and he was on the point of joining when his mother interfered. She could not think of her boy fighting. But when told that the National Guard would not have to do any fighting, and that her boy would look like an Adonis in a uniform, his mother consented, so Harold joined the National Guard.

At first all of the boys made friends with him and he was for the first time in his life considered a real man. Everything went along well until it began to look as though the United States was going to declare war on Germany. These were weary days for Harold. Then the "Lusitania" was sunk and the National Guard was called out to be ready to go to France if war was declared.

War was declared and the men were going to camps every day. The regiment that Harold belonged to was the Thirteenth, and was detailed to leave ten days after war was declared.

During the days previous to her son's departure Mrs. Corson and her pet made a call on the family lawyer to get Harold out of the National Guard. By a lot of red tape Harold got his discharge through Washington on the night before the day of departure.

There was to be a meeting of the regiment at the armory on this particular night, and Harold went with his discharge. He went straight up to the Colonel without saluting and began searching for his discharge. The Colonel expected a salute from Harold, and when he did not get any he cried out in a very indignant manner, "Sir, why don't you salute your superior officer?"

"Because you are not my superior. My discharge. Colonel," said Harold, as he handed over his papers. The Colonel, after

reading them over, turned to Harold and said, "So you are not going to camp, eh?"

"No," said Harold.

"Why not?" replied the Colonel.

"Because I have a business to look after."

This talk had attracted some of the boys and a big bunch had gathered around Harold and the Colonel, among whom was Buck Howell and a few boys of Harold's set.

"Business, nothing!" said the Colonel. "You're yellow, Harold Corson, yellow; a coward. I thought you had lost all of your baby ways, but I see you have not. Make way, boys, for the coward to get out."

With head lowered Harold walked out of the armory. Many voices whispered "Yellow!" in his ear as he passed, but he was a born coward and could not help it.

Harold went home and to bed. The next day when he got up the "Thirteenth" had entrained and was on its way to camp. The butler brought Harold a letter, while he was dressing, which he tore open and began to read at once.

This is what he read: "Please consider our engagement broken, as I do not care to marry a coward," signed "Betty." This made Harold sick. He went down to breakfast, only to drink a cup of coffee.

After breakfast, while talking with his mother, a large package came for Harold. On opening it he found it to be a big blue-eyed doll, holding a letter in her hand. He read these words at once, "For the sissy." This made him furious, and he turned on his mother with, "See here, you're the cause of my getting these letters; you're the cause of my being the laughing stock of the town. Every one calls me a coward, which I am, and you are the cause. You taught me never to fight, you kept me in the house all of the time, and now I am going out to be a real man."

Harold went away that morning. He did not take a hand-bag; he took nothing. He went away with an aristocratic look. He wore good clothes and was clean shaved. Where he went no one knows, but after seven months he came back.

It was one night about eight o'clock. The butler was sick and it was the cook's and maid's night out. Mrs. Corson was reading in the library when she heard the door bell. She laid her book aside and went to open the door to see who it was. When she opened the door she nearly screamed of fright. Before her stood the toughest looking tramp that she had ever seen in a picture show. His clothes were torn, his shoes were full of holes and his beard had grown out an inch or two. Mrs. Corson could not think who it was until the tramp spoke to her.

"Mother, I've come back," said the tramp.

"My boy!" said his mother, and caught him in her arms. After much embracing they went into the house.

"How dirty and tough you look. I will get you out some clean linen," said his mother.

"Yes, mother; I do look tough and dirty. I have had some hard times in conquering my one great weakness, but I have been victorious, and tomorrow I am going to join the Aviation Corps as a cadet and do my bit for Uncle Sam."

True to her word, Mrs. Corson got out her son's clean linen and clothes, and in an hour and a half from the time Harold came in he had changed from a tramp to a gentleman. After telling his mother all he had gone through he retired to a much needed rest and did not awake until late the following morning.

Harold woke up the next morning to find himself in a new world. Everybody was happy and Betty had called up to see how he was. Betty, his mother and Harold had luncheon, and after luncheon Harold went down town to enlist.

He enlisted and after three days left for camp. He was very happy, for that morning he had put another engagement ring on Betty's finger.

Arriving in camp Harold followed the other men and found out what to do. After a few days of drills and talks Harold was taken up in an aeroplane. He soon won his wings and was made a first lieutenant. Then he, with ten thousand other birdmen, left for France. In going over Harold asked some

of the friendly sailors if the Thirteenth Regiment of National Guard had gone over yet.

"Yes," said one, "we took them on our last trip."

Harold got to France without any exciting incidents coming up, and was sent at once to a training camp. After staying in the camp three months he was sent to do real work over the firing line.

Six months had passed since Harold came to France. He had won distinction enough for any man. He wore the Croix de Guerre and the insignia of a captain.

During the German's last offensive the Thirteenth Regiment was out in No Man's Land. They had been fighting for forty-eight hours without food or sleep. It was during a clash with the German regiments that they ran out of ammunition. The Germans, quick to see anything like this, started in to destroy the regiment, when the propeller of an aeroplane was heard by the Americans. Down, down it dived, cutting down the ranks of the Germans all the time with the machine gun. So quickly was this done that the Germans took to their heels. The aviator started up again, but his plane took a nose dive toward the earth and went to splinters.

The men of the Thirteenth hurried to the plane to get the pilot out before he was burned to death in the flames. They succeeded in getting him out all right, but what they saw shocked them. It was Harold, the "Sissy," and he had saved their lives. The Colonel shook hands with him and asked for his story. After hearing this, the Colonel said, "Well, you surely are not a coward, but the kind it is going to take to win this war." Harold had made good.



MAIN SCHOOL BUILDING—MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY
4 miles out of Nashville on the Harding Road

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The Coward

EARL SHELL, '20.

"GET out of the house, you coward, and never let me see you again!" These were the words which two years ago had broken up our home. It was our father who said them, and he was speaking to Bob, our youngest brother, and the pet of the family. The cause of these rash words was that Bob had been caught by the police in a gambling house the night before and would likely have been placed in jail if it had not been for the kind heart of the chief of police, who respected the Major, as Dad was called, too highly to send his son to jail for a petty offense. When Bob had arrived home Dad gave him the instructions which I mentioned before. I cannot express the grief which this act caused my other brother and me. Bob was loved by us as only a younger brother can be loved. Of course, he had many faults, chief among them being that he had a care free disposition, but some of his morals were very high. That is why he was so keenly hurt when Dad had called him a coward, because Bob had always regarded a coward as the most contemptible creature on earth, and he had never been called one before.

Well, we did our best to smooth things over with Dad, but it availed us nothing. Bob left the next morning and we never saw him again for a year.

Shortly after this Dad was appointed Colonel of the town's regiment and my brother and I enlisted in it. In nine months we were seeing service in France, and there is where we saw Bob next.

The men to our right had made an attack during the night in order to get rid of a nest of machine gunners which had

been proving very troublesome to us during the last few days. Two tanks had accompanied the men, and with the help of these the nest was thoroughly cleaned out. After the men came back everything was unusually quiet and we were afforded the most peaceful three hours of sleep we had had during the whole time we had been in the front line trenches. But just at daybreak Fritz opened up a bombardment which brought us all out of our bunks. What we saw sickened us. One of the tanks which had participated in the raid was standing motionless only a hundred yards from our lines, and it was receiving a terrific rain of machine gun bullets, while an occasional big shell would crash close by as the big guns started finding the range. A rumor went down the lines that the tank was out of petrol, and this rumor was soon verified when two men leaped out of a trench a hundred yards from us with large buckets in their hands, which we knew contained the precious fuel. One poor fellow ran only ten yards, but the other one seemed blessed with uncanny luck as he raced toward the tank. When he was about five yards from the stranded monster he was hit, but he stumbled on until he reached his destination, where a pair of strong arms reached out and drew him and his precious burden inside. In a moment the huge moving fortress had started on its homeward journey. When it reached our trench and its occupants started filing out of it our men cheered lustily for them, because they had gone through a great deal in the last few hours, and when the one who had saved their lives was carried out a roar went up from them which must have made the big Berthas jealous over there behind the German lines. When he was laid on the ground near us we could tell by his bloody clothing that he was severely wounded, if not dead. As the surgeon wiped some of the blood from his face we recognized him instantly. It was Bob. His eyes were open, but he seemed to see nothing until Dad caught him up in his arms. On recognizing Dad his eyes lit up and the old familiar smile came to his face. Dad could say nothing, but he cried like a baby as he held Bob close to him. Tears rolled down the hardened faces of

the men as they watched their gray-haired Colonel cry over his dying boy. But Bob's face was clouding again and it was evident that he was trying to say something. Finally the words came. He gasped, "Dad—am—I—a—coward?" The old man replied, "No, son." On hearing this Bob's face took on a peaceful look and his strained muscles relaxed as he passed into the place where the real Judge would reward him.

"Do You Know Who I Am?"

RICHARD FRANK, '19.

THE night was dark and still, ideal weather for a 'possum hunt, so old Joe, the farm hand, said when he called me after supper and asked me if I wanted to go with him.

I said I would be ready in a moment and told him to get the lantern and the dogs. We went back of the farm and turned the dogs loose. After an hour's hunt they treed about a mile away. We started towards them and were going so rapidly that I failed to notice a creek until we had fallen into it. After much splashing and grumbling from Old Joe about the darkness, we got out and soon reached the dogs. They had a coon up an old dead tree. Old Joe climbed up after him and the higher Joe went the higher the coon went, until finally Old Joe got him out on a limb. He climbed out after him.

When he was about half way out his foot slipped and he started falling, but his pants caught on a snag and he stopped and was left hanging in midair. After a few seconds of wild kicking, and wilder hollering, he heard the limb crack and he hollered to me, "look out, white folks, here we come!" and down they went tumbling, the branch and the two coons. After he had recovered his breath the coon that was stunned by the fall said he wanted to go home, and since he was out of tobacco he would go by the country store. I knew that he had some tobacco, and what he really wanted was to go by the store,

where there was a crowd of loafers, and tell them about his fall and his coon. I also knew that by the time he reached the store it would be about five or six coons, for Joe liked to exaggerate. I went with him, however, and when we got there we found the usual crowd of loafers and one stranger. After buying a sack of tobacco Old Joe sat down and, as I expected, began tellin gthem about the five coons and three 'possums he had caught in a two-hour hunt. All the crowd listened attentively, especially the stranger. When Old Joe was through the stranger walked up to him and said, "Do you know who I am?" Then he added, "I am the game warden." "Boss, does you know who I is?" said Old Joe. The game warden replied that he didn't. Then said Old Joe, "Ise the biggest liar in this country!" Amid much laughter Old Joe rose and, mumbling something about strangers, left hurriedly, going home.

BRAINS.

G. R. GILLESPIE, '21.

A fish cruised around in a deep shady pool,
  Glancing up now and then at the bank,
And he wore round his mouth something much like a smile,
  As if he'd been up to some prank.

"They call me a 'Sucker,' and all easy marks
  That fall for just any old scheme
Are named after me, though 'tis oftentimes true
  I am not the fool that I seem.

"All the brains in the world don't belong to a few,
  Nor does wisdom all come from a book,
Though he has fished for one hour, that Nut doesn't know
  I have swiped all the bait off his hook."

The Prodigal

A CONDENSED TEN-CENT NOVEL

HUGH E. REAMS, '20

A LONG, heavily-loaded freight train wound its way along a rough, mountain railroad in the West. In daylight an airplane view of it would have resembled a long angle worm squirming its way in and out among the hills. This particular time being at night, however, only a flare of yellow light, following a very twisted path, feeling the way for the engine, could have been seen.

A man came down a narrow dirt road, which ran at right angles with the railroad. He walked hurriedly until he neared the track, then, as he slowed up, he glanced anxiously to the right and to the left, and then up to the tank where all passing trains were supplied with water.

He turned quickly, as he heard the low, wailing whistle of the oncoming freight, and walked perhaps an eighth of a mile in that direction, along the edge of the track in a path, through the sagebrush. Here he halted, just as the headlight sent its searching yellow streak down from between two hills into the level clearing ahead.

If there had been anyone farther down the path he would have seen, silhouetted against the light, a tall, rather thin figure of a man, wearing a close-fitting, black coat, a sombrero, riding pants and leather puttees. A red bandana was tied loosely around his neck. When the light shone full on him, it revealed a sun-bronzed, but strong and determined face. For a moment he was using his hat as a fan, which showed his straight black hair, lying smoothly back on his head, apparently well-brushed.

The freight rumbled slowly on down the track, the engine puffing and snorting past finally came to a standstill by the tank, leaving the middle of the line of box cars near where the stranger stood. Walking in between two of the cars, he settled himself somewhere in the coupling, and lay back against the end of them comfortably. He was so rested and so nearly asleep that in a very few minutes, when the train, with a jerk, started on its way, he almost lost his balance.

Once again he lost consciousness, after the old freight had begun rocking away fairly easily on its course. He was on the verge of a dream, when loud voices just above awakened him. It seemed that a brakeman had come across another passenger, and was not as hospitable to him as he might have been. Anyway, he was using some very forceful language to aid him in making it clear that he wished the bum to "leave this 'ere Pullman in a hurry," as he put it.

"We done had all the hoboin' on this line we're agoin' to," he said; "git off 'fore I kicks you off."

"I can't git off, an' us agoin' twenty miles an' hour, less you stops; besides, if you didn't know I'd dropped me gun, ye wouldn't be a askin' me to."

"Empty handed air ye? Well that's a good thing. I'm givin' ye ten seconds to git a move on ye."

The poor tramp started toward the other end of the car and was on the first rung of the iron ladder, when something made him look back.

"Drop your gun," yelled a figure coming up over the end of the car behind the railroad employee. The brakeman turned, and finding himself covered with a six-shooter, lowered his own and let it fall to the roof of the car.

'Throw up your paws, pardner." Then he turned to the tramp, and said:

"You may have his gun; come and get it." He turned again to his frightened captive and continued: "Now, look here, we're not harming a blamed thing on this freight; you go on

where you belong; keep out of our way and mind your own business. Vamoose!"

The tramp had stooped to pick up the brakeman's gun and missed the telegraph wires, which struck the stranger on the back of the neck and threw him forward on his face to the roof of the car, where he lay unconscious.

. . . . . .

When Barrington Morton waked he was lying under a tree, his head resting on a root. Day was just breaking, and he saw the tramp whom he remembered having seen sometime—he couldn't remember clearly, when, nor where, nor—anything. He could open only one eye; the other was rudely bandaged with a handkerchief which wasn't clean. His neck was stiff, and his chin hurt when he tried to talk.

"Where—the deuce—am I?" he stammered.

The tramp came to where he lay and told him of his accident, adding, "I used them guns uv yores as a persuader, and tol 'em I had to git a friend off'n the train; they finally guv in and stopped, so I brung you here. It's a couple o' miles to Plainsville, where there's a horspital. I—I'm goin' to take you to it. You're done up pretty bad, pardner; I 'lowed your neck was shore broke fer a while." The speaker walked off a little distance and sat down on a rock, putting his face in his hands. He had a worried look, and apparently something was weighing heavily upon his mind.

After a while he got up determinedly and walked back to the injured man who had lain very still as if he were aware of nothing.

"Stranger," he said, "you don't know me, and I don't know you. There's a penitentiary sentence waitin' fer me in thet place," pointing to the town. "Mebbe I wusn't to blame—but it don't matter, now; you saved my life and you're out o' luck now, so I'll play square; I'll play square!"

The man lying on the ground had evidently taken this in.

"The—hell—you will," he muttered. "Leave me here and beat it—beat it, I say!" He lay back again, unconscious from

the exertion of talking. The tramp lifted him up and resumed the journey toward the town.

Plainsville was waking itself from a long night of sleep, and only a few men were astir, among whom, however, was the sheriff of the county. He was walking slowly toward the business section of the town, when there staggered into view up the main street a grizzled and ragged looking vagabond, carrying a seemingly lifeless body across one shoulder.

The sheriff, feeling it his duty to investigate, walked up very importantly and inquired: "Who's that you've got, Sambo? Huh? Somebody you've done up?"

"Naw, suh, he's a feller I found hurt out at Hawkin's Curve. I reckon he must'a fell off'n the cliff," returned the tramp, trudging along without stopping or even turning his head toward the sheriff, who, after carefully looking him over, said, "That's a likely story, and I'm sure I believe it; don't I now? Hello, here! You look like a certain gent we've been looking for. And here you've got yourself another charge to settle. But you're a game one to come right to us, though. Suppose you stop here and take a rest—you look tired," he finished, pointing to the station house where prisoners were kept.

"When I get's this feller to thet horspital yonder, I stops not befo! 'N advises you not to bother me till I does get him there."

"Oh, well, all right; I'll just go along with you—you mightn't know the way back."

They proceeded in silence to the hospital, where the tramp's burden was left in charge of an interne, to whom was imparted the same bit of uncertain information concerning it.

From there the prisoner walked slowly back to the jail, with the officer, where he was given a cell and this information: "Guess this'll be your home till court meets, in about a month." When his breakfast was brought, an hour later they found him on the small cot in the corner, asleep and snoring loudly.

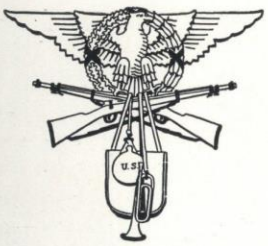
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Some three weeks later a fine looking, stylishly dressed

young gentleman appeared at the jail. He asked to see the prisoner in cell No. ——, and the sheriff, after showing him in, left them. The young man drew from some other papers, a long, official-looking envelope, and handed it to the other, saying, "I can't thank you, but this may interest you. It's the Governor's pardon. Governor Brown is a friend of my dad, who is Governor of ———— . My name is Morton. I live in ————. I wrote dad and he wired Governor Brown, so I got this this morning. How did I happen to be on that train? Well, in was this way, I got tired of the city and of high living. Fed up. Couldn't stand it any longer, so I joined

"A race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still,
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will."

"I've done that for two years, and it's a great life, but I'm going home. I am leaving today. Goodbye, my friend, and the best o' luck to you."



The Change in Count Von Warveld

Richard Metcalf, '19.

I HAD not seen Count von Warveld since we had been schoolmates at Oxford five years ago. Therefore when I handed him my credentials as American liason officer I was not prepared for the terrific change in him, although he was the youngest Colonel in the Belgian army—a change which was not physical except that his hair had turned entirely white and his eyes had a sort of blue diamond-like expression in them; a change that was not mental, for there was not lost to him that alert intelligence which he had formerly used to invent all sorts of new pranks and which had made him famous at Oxford as the hero of so many ridiculous escapades. It was evidently a spiritual change. Although perfectly cordial, he was taciturn and grim and industrious as a bee. My curiosity was greatly aroused to know what had wrought so tremendous a revolution in his character.

About a week after my arrival (during which time he treated me almost like a stranger) the Boche raided our trench and I happened to save the Count's life. After that he loosened up to me and at the end of a month, when after a short rest we were again at the front, he told me his story.

It was an oppressively hot and an oppressively dark night in August. We two sat at the door of the headquarters dug-out, and as I listened to his words by the weird light of the star shells and the rumble of a bombardment which was hurling to his death many a poor fellow—as we well knew it might us at any time—by these things his words were so impressed on the tissues of my brain that I write them as he said them and without effort on my part.

"As you well know," began he, "I was never a very serious youth, but one much inclined to have his own way, whatever

the consequences, provided some momentary pleasure was among them. I need not tell you of the many pranks I was engaged in nor the many scrapes I was pulled out of at Oxford, but after we received our degrees I took about a dozen of my boon companions and went to Paris to celebrate. I then took them home with me to recuperate.

"We have a regular mediaeval castle, you know—portcullis, drawbridge, moat and all, and last, but not least, ghosts. From my earliest childhood I had heard of their doings, of shrouded figures gliding down the corridors, of clanking chains in the cellars, of luminous eyes peering from the depths of some dark chamber, and of groans resounding through the castle in the watches of the night.

"But I, having never witnessed any of these wonders myself, put little stock in them, and it was with no misgivings that my merry companions and I, as a final carouse, brought up six dozen bottles of my father's oldest wine and made the old walls ring again to the sound of our drunken revels.

Now, whether it was due to some ghostly contrivance, or simply to my strong constitution, I can't say, but at any rate I know that before midnight I had succeeded in drinking every man of them under the table, and wasn't very drunk at that.

"When I found that my latest toast, which was a general health to the castle's ghosts, was answered only by a chorus of snores, I rose and looked at my watch preparatory to summoning the servant to put my guests to bed. I was surprised to find that it was only two minutes to twelve. By the bell rope hung a life-sized portrait of one of my ancestors. I happened to glance at it, and, as I live, its eyes were alive and staring at me. I was so horrified that I was for the moment as though turned to stone. I then remembered that I had been drinking and that I must be seeing things. Upon thinking of this I laughed at myself and took another look. But as my eyes met those of the portrait the laugh died on my lips and I felt cold chills run up and down my spine. I took a firm grip on myself and stared at those terrible eyes a moment, try-

ing to reason myself into believing that I didn't see what I did see. I believe I had just formed the resolution of mounting a chair and feeling them, when the castle clock struck twelve. As the last bell sounded it seemed to increase instead of decrease in volume. The character of the sound changed into a kind of clanking. The noise approached, the doors were flung open and in walked the oddest assortment of obsolete personages that have ever been gathered together anywhere. In they stalked, a great red-beared man dressed in the ancient Teutonic garb of Cæsar's time, at their head. The others were dressed in every known style from that time to this. The clanking was occasioned by the armor which most of them wore. Many of them were quite familiar to me, for their likenesses had long hung in our family portrait gallery, and even as I looked at the portrait with the living eyes, he stepped down from his frame, quite as though he was used to it, and joined the others. The whole procession, which must have contained about one hundred ghosts, with stately tread and stern countenances, walked to the end of the apartment and arranged themselves around their red-bearded leader. He, in a voice which shook the floor, summoned me to him 'to answer for thy actions to worthy progenitors.' Up to this time my emotions had been divided between curiosity, fear and a sense of the utter impossibility of the whole affair. But now as that dread voice resounded through the room I was so panic-stricken that I was afraid to try to escape, especially as the old suit of armor which had long guarded the door in mockery was now guarding it in earnest.

"I confess that I have often been proud of the number of my ancestors, but that night I heartily wished I had fewer, as in obedience to his command I walked to within ten paces of the red-bearded spirit.

" 'Charles von Warveld, thou art charged with having, by idleness and debauchery, wasted that life which we were the means of giving to thee. Thou art further charged with laxness in thy duty to keep our name worthy of its noble title. What hast thou to say for thyself?'

"'Only this,' said I, now fully convinced that the ghosts were no hallucinations, 'that I am guilty.' At this speech my unearthly visitants seemed to confer in whispers. Again the leader spoke, 'Hear, then, thy sentence, and take care that thou offendest not again: Thou art doomed to lose what thou lovest the best. Thou are doomed! doomed! doomed!" and in chorus they all repeated after him, 'doomed! doomed! doomed!' I fell on my knees and cried to them to have mercy on me, for I instantly knew that it must be my father to whom they referred, for whom could I love like him? As I entreated they faded from my sight and the door opened and the butler entered with a telegram on a tray. As though in a frenzy I sprang forward, seized and opened it. My father had suddenly died of heart disease in Petersburg. When I read that fatal message my brain seemed to take fire and then to become ice, and I fell on the floor beside the still snoring forms of my drunken companions.

"It was a terrible lesson," said Count von Warveld, "but one which I learned well, for never since I recovered from the brain fever which followed that awful night have I in any way failed of my duty, being well aware from experience that always we are surrounded and watched by forms which we ourselves cannot see."

Just a Hound

CHARLES M. MOSS, '20.

FOX-CHASING was undergoing a renaissance in White's Bend after a lapse of some years. The old fox-chasing blood which had so long lain quiet in the veins of its inhabitants was once more stirred by Adam Barnes' two beagle hounds.

They jumped a gray fox on Buzzards' Bluff in February as one of our last snows was melting away. They carried him out the Woods Lot Ridge, across Wild Cat Hollow, around a wide circle in the bottoms, back up Splice Wood Hollow,

down Poplar Hollow Ridge and back across to the bluff, catching him just as he reached the point.

Well, for the next few weeks all conversation was based on Adam's dogs, Adam strutting around like a turkey gobbler. But that was not all; everybody got a hound. Of course, Uncle Joe and I had to have one. We sent all the way to Illinois and bought a big black and white hound with very long black ears reaching about halfway to the ground. As he had very promising looks we counted high on the next Saturday night's race.

Saturday night came after much anxious waiting. We all met at the gap in Poplar Hollow Ridge. Everybody turned his dog loose, the fox was jumped out on the ridge a short distance, and away they went.

Then the argument started; everybody said his dog was in the lead, but I think Uncle Joe and I were the strongest debaters.

"Listen there," we would say, "Dontcha think we know that dog's mouth?"

"You fellers oughta brought some sacks along to carry them dogs home in, 'cause if they follow ole Bruce they shore will hafta drop out," we would tell them.

They had gone behind the Bluff and things were quiet. Our attention was attracted by a noise down the hill a little way in the bushes and leaves, and there before our eyes old Bruce got up, stretched himself in a very unconcerned manner and caught a flea that was making its way down his spinal column.

Everybody roared—but Uncle Joe and me. I looked at him, he looked at me. Then we both started for the cave on the other side of the hill.

Two British soldiers entered a cafe in Jerusalem and asked for "Turkey with Greece." The waiter replied, "I am sorry, but I can't Servia;" whereupon the soldiers cried angrily, "Then bring the Bosphorus." The boss came and listened to their wrath, then he said, "I hate to Russia, but I can't permit you to Roumania." Then the soldiers left.



EDITORIALS

THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN
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A. MERRILL MOORE.....Assistant Business Manager

To the Senior Class: You have completed your course at M. B. A. You have come from different parts of the city and different families, you have had different views of things, there has been a difference between all of you. You have been placed in the "melting pot" of M. B. A. and you have come out the true Montgomery Bell graduate.

You are now alumni of that institution, you have felt proud to be students of Montgomery Bell Academy; you should be all the more proud to be alumni of that school; you are now members of that great number of alumni who are making good in the world. The alumni before you have set an example for you by their living up to the ideals and principles that M. B. A. stands for. You should set an example for the graduating classes that will follow you.

Here's good luck to the Class of '19!

Some people brag too much about their ancestors. We have seen folks who seemed to think that because their father's aunt's mother's great-great-great-grandfather happened to be

living in England when the Spanish Armada was destroyed they will be able to go through life with everyone whispering as they pass, "There's so-and-so, one of his ancestors once tied the king's shoe."

It is all right to be proud of your ancestors, if they have achieved anything outside of being your ancestors; but don't depend too much on their record to get you there. Get busy and do something that will make your descendants brag about you. Then this blue-blooded nobility stuff doesn't get one anywhere. William the Conqueror's mother was a tanner's daughter.

MOTHERS.

This editorial deals only with mothers; fathers need not apply for notice.

Do you fellows who are fortunate enough to have a mother know that she is the best friend you ever had and ever will have? She loves you more than words can tell; she would sacrifice everything for you; she would kneel by your side if you were lying drunk in the gutter; she would be proud of you if you were the greatest man in the world. You can never repay your mother for what she has done for you. Too many boys go and get married without paying their mothers much attention. Marrying is all right, but you should at least attempt to give your mother what is due her. We once heard of a man who watched his mother going to the poorhouse and remarked, "Well, I've gotten all the good out of her; she's worth no more to me now." In our opinion the ex-Kaiser is an angel compared to that wretch.

Try and live so that you will be a credit to your mother, not a reproach. Remember she loves you more than anyone ever will.

"The more I study the world the more I am convinced of the inability of force to create anything durable. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself have founded empires, but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? They

depended upon Force. Jesus Christ founded his empire upon Love, and to this very day millions would die for Him."—*Napoleon.*

Remember that the Kaiser tried to conquer the world by force and how he failed. Remember that a dog will respond more cheerfully to a kind word than to a kick or an act of force. The day of force is gone; the world moves forward, and we leave the habits of former days behind us. Be cheerful and kind and gentle, and you will get away ahead of the bully that tries to gain his goal by force.

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."
—*Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."*

Such might have been the case in the days of the seventeenth century, but it isn't the case now. Some people read this quotation and think there is no need of their doing good, as it will be buried with them, and if they do evil it will live after them, so they don't do anything, and when they die they are forgotten sure enough. Well, it is better to be forgotten than to be remembered by the evil you do; but the thing is that you will be remembered if you do good. Then let's "get a move on" and do something that will make us so well thought of that even the undertaker will be sorry when we die.

Alexandre Dumas, the author, tells us that unknown dangers are to be feared more than known dangers. Boys have to pass through a certain stage of unknown dangers and they should be careful. Don't monkey with something you don't know anything about, you might be like the mouse that got too near the trap.

Did you ever notice that the fellow who studies his lessons a little more than necessary is the one that wins the medal? The man who doesn't drop his pick in the middle of the swing when the whistle blows is the one that gets to be the superin-

tendent; the person that keeps busy all the time, and not just at a quarter to twelve and a quarter to six, is the one that becomes the president of the company. Do just a little more than you are asked to do and you will be well on your way to success.

Stick to your work and do it quietly. Remember that the man who talks eloquently about patent medicines is rarely the millionaire president of the company. The deepest rivers flow with the least sound.

THE PATRIOTIC LADY-LOVE.

MERRILL MOORE.

The doctor sat in his office chair,
While smoking a cigarette;
His face looked tired, his jaw looked limp,
And even his brow was wet.

"Oh me," he sighed, with a furtive glance
At the door which stood ajar,
"I hope no patient may come today
My needed rest to mar."

"I've had more work these last few days
Than is good for any man,
So now while my chance is here, you see,
I'll get all the rest I can."

But while he rested a tapping noise
Was heard coming down the hall,
And into the room that moment walked
A young man white as a pall.

His arms were bandaged with yards of cloth
And he hobbled slowly in;
His face was scratched and his eyes were bruised,
The way he looked was a sin.

"Oh, where was the wreck?" the doctor asked,
As though he would make a pun;
The youth replied, " 'Twas no wreck at all,
I called my lady-love 'hun'!"

M. B. A. LOCALS NOTICISMS

F. I. Cherry has gone to Iowa where he will be military instructor of the State University. His wife and son went with him.

* * *

Judge Ewing recently presented Lowe a book for good attention in History 5. We wish to compliment Lowe on this, as we don't see how he did it, considering that the class is made up of such men as Hart, Stumb, Curtis, and Sharp.

* * *

We take pleasure in announcing that Wilbur C. Sensing won the first prize in the hotly contested match in the History 5 class for the best comparison betwen Peter the Great and Charlemagne.

* * *

Merrill Moore returned to the country on May 1. He loved the cows and chickens too much to remain in town, and sang, "This isn't the life."

* * *

Jones has a serve that looks as if it might have been ordered from Sears-Roebuck. Every time Remy hits the ball the school telescope is called out. Srygley has made a reputation for himself by his great industriousness. Matthews has a form that would make Theda Bara green with envy. When we think of the others seen on the courts we laugh so much we can't write anything.

* * *

The foot races between Pete Baird and Payne have been the source of much betting.

Heard on the tennis courts:
Curtis: "What's the score?"
Shell: "Thirty all."
Curtis: "In whose favor?" (Great applause.)

* * *

McCary and Ferguson recently motored to Chattanooga. We only wish they had stayed longer.

* * *

Merrill Moore (alias French Shark) was heard informing a Belgian officer on how to use the subjunctive mood in French.

* * *

Mr. Ball (making a talk at the Kiwanis Club and meaning to say, "The schoolhouse is the bulwark of civilization"): "The schoolwork is the bullhouse of civil—I mean er—ah—the schoolhouse is the work bull of—hem—er—the school bull is the workhouse of civiliza—the housework of civilization is—" Then he displayed his presence of mind by sitting down.

"An ancient and mossy article—I mean the joke." (Comment by Mrs. Ball on reading the galley proof.)

* * *

Two correspondents wrote to a country editor to know respectively, "the best way of assisting twins through the teething period," and "how to rid an orchard of grasshoppers." The editor answered both questions faithfully, but, unfortunately, got the names mixed, so that the fond father was thunderstruck by the following advice, "If you are unfortunate enough to be plagued by the little pests, the quickest means of settling them is to cover them with straw and set the straw one fire."

The man bothered with grasshoppers received this reply: "The best way of treatment is to give each a warm bath daily and rub their gums with boneset."

* * *

Stumb: "Did you and your girl have some words?"
Hubbs: "I had some, but I didn't get to use them."

An alien who wanted to be naturalized was required to fill out a blank. Here is an extract from it:

Name—Michael Levinskey.

Born—Yes.

Business—Rotten.

* * *

Riggle: "And was my present a surprise to your sister?"

Small Boy: "Betcha life! She said she never thought you'd give her anything so cheap."

* * *

Mr. Ferguson: "You can get rid of money awfully fast."

Jack: "That's right, but by getting rid of it quickly I save lots of time, and time is money, you know."

* * *

If time is money, there are several boys in this school that are millionaires. The teachers gave it to them; we have awfully generous teachers at M. B. A.

* * *

Nichol: "I don't feel well this morning."

Hunt: "Where do you feel worse?"

Nichol: "In school."

* * *

Well-known sayings:

"Payne did it."

"We want order in here this period."

"I want your undivided attention."

"I'll say she does."

"There he is."

"I didn't do anything."

"Somebody's throwing up here."

"You're dismissed from class."

* * *

A man was visiting at the Academy, and as he took a deep breath he remarked, "Isn't this invigorating?" Rehorn overheard him and hastily replied: "No, sir; this is Montgomery Bell Academy."

Kenny: "Are you afraid of snakes?"

M. Anderson: "Well, I'm a little afraid of a rattler."

Kenny: "Aw, I'm not talking about your flivver."

* * *

Jerome Barr—owed a tack and is Owen Allen yet.

* * *

Visitor: "What makes the baby cry?"

Charlie Moss (hearing his new brother's wail): "He doesn't have to have anything to make him cry."

* * *

Pat: "Gimme a bar of soap, plaze."

Shopman: "Yes, sir. Do you want it scented or unscented?"

Pat: "Aw, niver mind; I'll just take it wid me."

* * *

An Irishman was speaking of the excellence of a telescope. "Do you see that small speck on yonder hill? Thot is my pig, though he is hardly to be seen, but when I look at him wid me glass it brings him so close that I can plainly hear him grunt."

* * *

Priest: "How much hay did you steal, Patrick?"

Pat: "I may as well confess to your riverence for the whole of the stack; I'm going after the rest tonight."

* * *

Mr. Taylor: "Now, Nichol, I want you to answer a question with some common sense in it."

Shell (interrupting): "He can't answer one with common sense, but he can answer one with horse sense."

* * *

Mr. Ball (Eng. 6): "Who can give me a definition for the word 'pest'?"

Whole Class in Chorus: "Templeton."

* * *

McCary (running out on the tennis courts): "Extra, extra; all about Mr. Ball catching the milk bootlegger."

Armstrong Matthews was chosen to represent M. B. A. at the annual declamation contest held at Vanderbilt on May 2. He won the honor of being chosen as one of the nine to speak in the final contest for the medal. He never got the medal, but he put up a good fight and was a credit to M. B. A.

* * *

The History 5 class was relieved of the agony of listening to fairy tales during the three days of Merrill Moore's absence.

* * *

Teacher: "What were the ancient days called?"
B. P.: "Primeval."
Teacher: "What were the middle ages called?"
B. P.: "Mediaeval."
Teacher: "What are the modern days called?"
B. P.: "Social evil."

* * *

Mr. Ball (Latin): "Shell, give me the future tense of 'domo.'"
Shell: "Damem, dames, damit."

* * *

McCary: "Mrs. Ball, make Jack stop."
Mrs. Ball: "Make Jack stop what?"
McCary: "He is trying to make love to me."

* * *

Mrs. Ball: "Sensing, what is an 'industrial revolution?'"
Sensing: "It's a strike, isn't it?"

* * *

A Victory Loan speaker sent out to address the boys, in a stirring climax of his speech, said:
"And may the Statue of Liberty ever stand with one foot planted on the earth and the other pointing to heaven."

* * *

"What! aren't they going to have the track meet Friday?"
"Nope—no meet on Friday."

In a recent drive for literature there were several prizes offered to the boys for stories and poems. Claude E. Jackson, Business Manager of the Bulletin, offered a $2.50 prize for the best story, which was won by Merrill Moore. Professor Ball offered a $1.50 and a 50-cent prize for the best and second best poems submitted. George Gillespie won the first prize and M. Moore the second. Several of the stories and the two best poems are in this issue of the BULLETIN.

* * *

M. Moore: "Professor Taylor, do you believe in phrenology?"

Professor Taylor: "No, Merrill, I don't; I went once, as an experiment, and had my head examined, and found there was nothing in it."

* * *

Curtis: Good Lord, Jackson, this soup is not fit for a hog to eat!"

Jackson: "Well, wait a minute, Curtis; and I'll get you some that is."

* * *

If geometry is, as Mr. Taylor says, the most interesting of studies, we would certainly like to see that one which boasts of the least interest.

* * *

Mr. Taylor (in Math. V.): "Nichol, what is the difference between these two similar triangles?"

Nichol: "One is more similar than the other."

* * *

Captain: "Hey, stop there; haven't you got a hat?"
Private: "No."
Captain: "No, what?"
Private: "No hat."

* * *

Old Lady: "Why, little man, what's baby crying for?"

Boy: "Nothing, lady; he just swallowed his marble and ain't got anything to play with."

ATHLETICS



M. B. A., 4; C. M. A., 10.

The school nine played its first game of the season with the Columbia Military Academy on April 5, and was defeated by a score of 10 to 4.

Stumb held C. M. A. very well throughout the game, and it looked as if he would win, but in the ninth inning, by a series of errors and wild pitches, the visitors were able to win by a safe margin.

The school team, as a whole, showed up very well despite a few individual errors. There is some very good material among the boys who are trying for the team, and by a little sharp practice a first-class team can be produced.

The line-up of this year's team is as follows: Pann, left field; Reeves, second base; B. Sawyer, center field; Kuhn, shortstop; Hubbs, first base; Carney, third base; Srygley, catcher; Gillespie, right field; Stumb, pitcher.

On Saturday, April 19, the school team was defeated by Castle Heights in one of the most interesting games ever played here. The game lasted for thirteen innings and the final score was 5 to 4. From the beginning to the end the game was a pitcher's battle between Stumb and Johnson. Stumb struck out eighteen men, while Johnson struck out twenty-four. Castle Heights were able to get only three hits off Stumb, while M. B. A. got six off Johnson, which was more than had been gotten off him since the season began.

Castle Heights obtained a four-run lead and it looked as if she would easily win, but M. B. A. tied the score in the eighth inning by a rally, and it was not until the thirteenth that by a wild pitch the visitors were able to bring across the winning run.

Although only sir hits were gotten off Johnson, and the game was lost, the school team showed signs of much improvement, due principally to the coaching of "Slick" Welsh, a well-known athlete of the city.

M. B. A., 10; MURFREESBORO STATE NORMAL, 11.

On April 26 the school baseball team took its first trip of the season to Murfreesboro, and was defeated by the Normal by a score of 10 to 11. In the first three innings the Normal obtained a big lead by making eleven runs, while M. B. A. made four. The score remained the same until the eighth inning, when M. B. A. staged a rally, knocked the Normal pitcher out of the box and scored six runs, but could not tie the score.

Although defeated by the State Normal, the school team feels some satisfaction in the fact that it obtained more hits and made more runs than Vanderbilt did against the same team.

The two tennis courts have recently been put into shape by some of the boys and they are the scene of many a close set these days. Tennis is having a renaissance after a lapse of several years. Some good players have been seen on the courts and we hope to have a tennis team in the future. The boys have been extended the privilege of bringing any friend out to play on its courts with them whenever they wish.

This is what worries me most of all,
Said little Jimmy Tupper;
In the morning a man gets up,
While at night a man gets supper.



Alumni Notes

Donnell Ligon, '18, has landed in America. He was in the Aviation Corps.

* * *

Simmons Allen, after army service, is with the Keith-Simmons Hardware Company.

* * *

Robert Eaves, '15, was unable through defective sight to pass his physical test for the army and is with the International Harvester Company at Greensboro, N. C.

* * *

Harold Galloway, '11, has gotten his discharge from the army and is connected with the Civil Service.

* * *

James Avent, '15, has resigned his commission in the army and is in business in New York City.

* * *

John B. Treanor, Jr., '16, is farming with his father at Craggie Hope.

* * *

John R. Haley, '17, is with the Nashville Baking Company.

* * *

Tom Sims, '18, after being wounded while fighting with the Fifth Marines in the Argonne Forest, has returned home and is now at Vanderbilt University. He is also a reporter on the *Evening American*.

William ("Billy") Nichol, '17, got back from France with the 114th Field Artillery.

* * *

George Gant, '15, is foreman at the Fulcher Brick Company.

* * *

Will Moore, '18, has been recently connected with the Piggly Wiggly stores here.

* * *

Lenn Colsher, '16, has gotten his discharge from the army and will enter the Civil Service.

* * *

"Billy" Hunt, '17, and Jack Blair, '16, have just arrived home with the Vanderbilt Unit.

* * *

Ed Frank, '16, is back from service and is in business with Frank & Co.

* * *

Harry High, '15, is with the English Woolen Mills Company.

* * *

Jack Barnett, '13, has returned home from service. He was with the Fifth Marines.

* * *

Joe Moorehead, '17, has been discharged from the Marines and is in business in Oklahoma.

* * *

R. L. Jones, '96, former city bacteriologist, has returned home with the Vanderbilt Unit and will resume his old duties.

* * *

George Deaderick, '16, is a lieutenant in the army of occupation.

* * *

Lieut. Edwin Noel, '02, is back from France with the 113th and is connected with the Noel Ice Company.

* * *

Malcolm McClure, '18, is at Staunton Military Academy.

Lieut. Harold Braly has just reached Nashville from France via Newport News. His visit to us recently was much enjoyed.

* * *

All of his many friends are very sorry to hear of the death of James Everett, '12, who was killed in France.

* * *

Benton Sawyers, '18, is farming.

* * *

John Aust, '16-'17, has gotten back from France with the 114th Field Artillery.

* * *

Jimmie Kerr, '16, is with Loventhal, Frank & Co.

* * *

Phil Harrison, '17, is connected with the Goodyear Rubber Company, of Akron, Ohio.

* * *

"Jimmy" Hirsig, '10-'17, is a freshman at Sewanee, as also is Kenneth Baird, '17.

* * *

Kirby Jackson, '15, is taking a post-graduate course at Vanderbilt.

* * *

"Doc" Kuhn is with the B. F. Goodrich Tire & Rubber Company, at Akron, Ohio.

* * *

"Babe" Allen, '17, has gotten out of the army, and is taking a business course at Columbia University, in New York City.

* * *

Ashley Goodrich, '18, is a sophomore at Vanderbilt.

* * *

Foster Baird, '17, after winning his commission in the Marine Air Service, is back at Vanderbilt, as also is E. S. Rooney, '17, who, after a course at the Boston Tech R. O. T. C., entered the navy hydroplane service.

* * *

Bob Sparrow, '17, is a sophomore at Vanderbilt.



In this our last issue we wish to extend our sincere thanks to exchange friends for their just criticisms and kind advice during the past year, and we hope that he will have the pleasure of seeing them again next year. This year we have had the acquaintance of:

The *Megaphone,* Country Day School, Newton, Mass.

U. T. Farmer, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

The *Highland Echo,* Maryville College, Maryville, Tenn.

The *Wigwam,* Yakima High School, Yakima, Wash.

The Ward-Belmont *Hyphen,* Ward-Belmont, Nashville, Tenn.

The *Orange and White,* University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

The *Peabody Volunteer,* Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn.

The *Blade,* Bowen School, Nashville, Tenn.

High School Chronicle, Danbury High School, Danbury, Conn.

The *Duncan Review,* Duncan Preparatory School, Nashville, Tenn.

The *Comet,* Grove School, Paris, Tenn.

The *Echo,* Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The *Argus,* Shelton High School, Shelton, Conn.

The *Tech Dynamo,* Tennessee Polytechnic Institute, Cookeville, Tenn.

The *Megaphone,* Central High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The *Chronicle,* Lyman High School, Wallingford, Conn.

The *Wallace World,* Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.

The *Athenian*, Athens College, Athens, Ala.

The *High School Chronicle*—"The Exodus of the Seniors" is very unique, but its style would not bear much repetition.

* * *

We are glad to see that the *Bowen Blade* has returned to life.

* * *

The *Peabody Volunteer* has kept up a fine standard the entire year.

* * *

Our last copy of the *Megaphone* is far below its standard, having neither exchanges nor alumni notes nor jokes.

* * *

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Montgomery Bell Bulletin—It is a good paper. I always enjoy reading it.—*The Echo.*

The captain and the mate were sore at each other. The mate, when about to make his entries in the log-book, was sorely surprised to find, in the captain's handwriting, the words:

January 6, 1919—"Mate drunk." He stared at it wrathfully for a moment, then a grim smile broek over his face. He took his pen and wrote:

January 7, 1919—"Captain sober."

* * *

Jones: "After this war there will be only three kingdoms. What will they be?"

Jones: "Animal, vegetable and mineral."—*Ex.*

* * *

"Why are potatoes and corn like sinners of old?"

"Because, having eyes, they see not; and having ears, they hear not."—*Ex.*

* * *

Advertisement: "Shirts one-half off today."

Tramp: "Faith, it's a good thing they're shirts."

As a small particle of potassium permanganate will discolor a large amount of pure water, so a small evil deed will discolor a pure character. We can add more water, but the stain is still there. We can rub out our sin and start anew, but a sheet full of erasures is never as nice looking as one without any erasures. Try to live so your life's sheet will not need any erasing. It's the many little things and not the few big things we do that makes our characters.

Father: "What was that noise when you came in last night?"

Metcalf: "I really couldn't say whether it was the night falling or the day breaking."

* * *

Payne is now known as the "Chewing Gum King."



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